

The Bethel Courier.

A Weekly Family Newspaper, Central in Politics, devoted to Literature, Agriculture, Education, the Mechanic Arts, and the News of the Day.

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No. 18.

The Bethel Courier.

Published every Friday morning—Office in
CHAPMAN'S BLOCK, Bethel Hill, Me.
J. ALDEN SMITH, Proprietor.
J. F. TRUE, Editor.

TERMS.
One copy one year, in advance, \$1.00.
One copy six months, .50.
If payment is delayed after the expiration
of a month, it will be charged, when delayed
the price of the year, \$1.00.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
One square (10 lines of type) 3 insertions,
one dollar. Subsequent insertions 25 cts. per
line. Advertisements for one year, \$10.00.
Longer advertisements, by special arrangement.
Transient advertisements payable in advance.
Twenty ads. for 100 lines, \$1.00.

FOR PRINTING:
All kinds, executed with neatness and dispatch
at this office.

Business Cards.

J. FRANK RAYNES.
House Painter, Grainer, Glazier.

Work
Orders from out of town promptly attended to.

D. HAMMONS.
Counsellor at Law,
BETHEL, ME.

Office in Chapman's Block, corner Main and R.R. sts.

S. W. BUTTERFIELD.
Manufacturer and dealer in
Doors, Sash & Blinds,
WINDOW FRAMES, &c.

Big Savings, on Turning of all kinds, done with
neatness. Manufacture at
this

H. F. BLANCHARD.
Counsellor & Attorney at Law,
RUMFORD POINT.

301
Oxford County, Me.

D. W. SCRIBNER.
Counsellor & Attorney at Law,
Commissioner for Maine and Notary Public,
GUTHRIE, N. H.

Office in Williams' Block, corner Main and R.R. sts.

BETHEL HOUSE.
BETHEL HILL, ME.

The subscriber would inform the public that
he has recently purchased this well known
House, and is prepared to accommodate the
travelling public with good board and lodgings
on reasonable terms.

The above House has within the last three
months been thoroughly remodeled and re-
fitted, and furnished from cellar to attic with
new furniture, and is a most desirable home
for travellers for business or pleasure.

Carriage in constant attendance at
the depot for the convenience of passengers.

W. E. LOVEJOY.
BETHEL HOUSE, BETHEL HILL, ME.

House and Carriage to let.

DR. CHAS. C. BARKER.
Surgeon and Mechanic.

DENTIST.
Main St. - BETHEL, ME.

All operations performed with skill and care.

R. A. FRYE.
Counsellor & Attorney at Law,
BETHEL HILL, ME.

O. W. ROBINSON, Jr.
Attorney & Counsellor at Law
BETHEL HILL, ME.

MT ZIRCON HOUSE.
at the
MILTON MINERAL SPRINGS,
D. D. W. ARBUTT, Proprietor.

DAVIS, HAMMONS & Co.
BETHEL HILL, ME.

Dry Goods, Groceries,
Ready-Made Clothing, Hats, Caps,
BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS.

Crockery, Glass Ware, Cutlery,
PAINTS, OILS &c.
BETHEL HILL, ME.

AMERICAN HOUSE,
B. G. WARTIN, Proprietor.

RUMFORD CORNER, ME.

ALB. L. BURBANK.
FIRE INSURANCE AGENT
BETHEL, ME.

J. G. RICH.
Hunter, Trapper and Guide,
UPPER, (Oxford Co.) Me.

Good boats and reliable guides furnished to
sportsmen on application in person or by mail.

E. B. GODDARD.
CABINET MAKER
BETHEL HILL, ME.

COFFINS manufactured to order.

P. H. McCLOSKEY,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
BETHEL HILL, ME.

AN AMUSING SKETCH.

KISSED BY MISTAKE.

"Will you be at home to-night, Hetty?"
and the speaker, a tall, muscular,
well-looking farmer, resided in the
corner of the table, and touching
every now and then, in a caressing
manner, with her foot, a sleek, lazy looking
cat that purled and worked on the other
side. Hetty was sewing and thinking
how she should tell her mother she ex-
pected a visitor. She would have given
the world to be able to say, in an off-
handed manner, that she expected Mr.
Howley to drop in about eight. But she
reflected, with a twinge of conscience,
how hard she had tried to get the
old lady to accompany her husband to
Aunt Ruth's spite of her warnings of a
spell of neuralgia; how she had also
pleaded headache as an excuse for not
going herself. And she knew her mother
was quite sharp enough to draw her
own inference from these facts, and from
her being dressed with unusual care to
spend an evening at home.

"I shall not tell her now. She'll be
sure to think I wished to get her out of
the way, so I might have Josiah all to
myself, and I should never hear the last
of it."

And like a wise little puss, she was silent.

I'll venture my word on it, you would
not wonder at our young farmer's en-
thusiasm if you could have seen Hetty
Thomas as she sat by the fireside that
cold November evening.

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her uncle's, (a thing she had no idea of
doing,) she had just before tea, indulged
in an indiscriminate "fixing up." A
neatly fitting dark calico, with the store
look still on it, a fresh linen collar and
tasteful black silk apron—these were the
chief items of Hetty's toilet; but she
looked sweet and dainty in her plain
dress, as if hours had been spent in don-
ning lace and jewels. Her rich hair, of
the darkest tinge, fell in shining folds
close to her warm red cheeks, and was
caught up in a cunning net behind.

Eight o'clock and past. Mrs. Thomas
was dozing in her chair—her shadow on
the opposite wall hobnobbing alone in grotes-
que mimicry as she nodded to and fro—
now crushing the voluminous white
satin bows on her spruce cap against the
back of her chair; now almost falling
forward, and her fat hands lay listlessly
in her lap, and her ball of yarn had rolled
out upon the hearth, and paws were busy
converting it into Gordian knots. And
just then came a double rap at the door
—so loud, so sudden and self-assured
that Hetty started up with a little shriek,
and set her foot on the cat's tail, who, in
turn, gave voice to her amazement and
displeasure.

The combined noise aroused Mrs.
Thomas, and starting into an erect posi-
tion, she rubbed her eyes, settled her
cap-bowder, and exclaimed:

"Bless my soul, Hetty, what was that?
Somebody at the door? Who can be
coming at this time of night?"

"It is not late, Mother—only a little
past eight. I'll go and see who it is,"
said Hetty, demurely, taking the candle
from the table.

"No. You wind up my ball, and
sweep up the hearth, while I go to the
door," said the old lady, whose feet were
struggling in the meshes of the unraveled
yarn. "Drat that cat!"

And all this time Josiah was standing
on one foot on the cold porch, with his
hands in his overcoat pockets, wondering
if Hetty had fallen asleep, and every
now and then giving the door a smart
rap by way of variation.

In her hurry, Mrs. Thomas forgot to take
the candle, and as she stepped out into
the little front entry, the sitting-room
door slammed after her. She had her
hand on the hall door at the moment, and
opening it, she found herself in the em-
brace of a stout pair of arms, a whis-
pered face in close proximity to her own,
and before she could think about the
strangeness of her situation, she received
a prolonged kiss—a hearty smack—fell
upon her virtuous, matron lip.

"O. murder! Taint Obadiah, nei-
ther!"

She had by this time divested herself
of the impression that it was her usually
sober spouse, who must have come home
in an unusually excited condition, thus to

indulge in such unwonted expression of
affection.

"Get out! get out, I say! Who are
you, anyhow? Murder, thieves! Hetty,
come here! Here's a man kissing me
like mad!"

But the intruder had by this time dis-
covered his mistake—it did not need the
indignant pummeling and scratching of
the lady's vigorous fists, to cause him to
relinquish his bold and fly as if pursued
by some indignant ghost.

Hetty, nearly choking with smothered
laughter, in spite of her trepidation, now
came to her rescue.

"I never was so frightened in all my
life! The mean scamp! Who could it
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But that dutiful daughter was, to all
appearances, innocent as a sucking dove.
She smoothed the old lady by representing
that it might have been one of the neigh-
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mistaken the house and the housewife.

She searched the entry for the missing
spectacles, dropped in the scuffle, wound
up the tangled yarn, stirred the fire—
all in the most amiable manner possible
—and at length had the satisfaction of
seeing her mother subside into the chair
with her accustomed tranquility.

Mrs. Thomas was fully awake now.
She had a new idea in her head. Instead
of settling her head for another nap, she
pursued the train of thought and her
knitting, both at the same time, with
wonderful rapidity. At length, stopping
and looking kindly at Hetty—

"I suppose it's a queer notion of mine,
Hetty, but I've a notion that man was
Siah Hawley."

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up then! You might have lit a candle
by it. These inapparent symptoms did
not escape the wary inquisitor.

"Pears to me, 'cause those big whisk-
ers were so much like his, and the awk-
ward way he gripped me with his paw."

Hetty was wonderfully busy. She
bent over her work, and drew the needle
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and then she was so engaged in
threading her needle again, she didn't
have time to answer.

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tended for, and wonder if you don't know
something about it, Hetty?"

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"Yes, you, Hetty! You was mighty
anxious to get me and Pa off to Aunt
Ruth's this evening, but I noticed you
were slicked up extraordinary, for all
you weren't going. Hetty, I'm getting
old; I know it, but I haven't quite lost
my eyesight yet. I've heard something
about this between you and Siah Haw-
ley. What are you playin' possum for.
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He would shake his fat sides at Joshua's
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"Mrs. Farrington says that 'when
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undergo all sorts of deprivations; the task
of extorting them home revolves on their
dear selves.'"

Old Anglers say that when you want
to catch a fine fish, you must not throw
the bait exactly at him; but a little one
side. Ladies will undoubtedly take the
hint.

On one side of the fire sat Mrs. Thom-
as, fat and fair, and at peace with all the
world; smoking and knitting, and refresh-
ing herself at sundry intervals with a
bite from a half-eaten apple that lay on
the corner of the table, and touching
every now and then, in a caressing
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the bait exactly at him; but a little one
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A Printer's Christmas.

[The editor of the Sandy Hill Herald
says that on Christmas Eve an expres-
sion delivered to him an exceedingly
mysterious box. After paying the charge,
thirty-eight cents—being just the
amount of cash on hand—he proceeded
with nervous hands to examine its con-
tents. He says:]

The cover was removed, when our
eyes were gladdened with the sight of a
fine fat turkey. The next thing brought
to light was a bottle of champagne, and
the next and last was a huge demijohn,
marked "O Tar." What in the world is
O Tar? It must mean old tar—but what
in the world induced any one to send us
either old or new tar? We haven't got
any wagon; and as for getting up a bon-
fire for the benefit of the Republicans,
we are not in the humor. We have it!

We will sell it to the lively man. Call
on him, and he said he did not use
tar, but grease on his wagons. Brought
it back to the office in not a very good
humor, still wondering why it was sent
us. Resolved finally, to draw the
cork. Did so. It wasn't tar. Smelt of
it. Knew by the smell it wasn't tar.
Tasted of it, and became fully satisfied
that it wasn't tar. Tasted again—knew it
wasn't tar. Tasted again, and drew up
a resolution declaring in the most con-
spicuous terms that it wasn't. Tasted
again, and began to feel happy. Tasted
again, and felt very happy. Tasted again,
and began to feel rich, and resolv-
ed to give our cottage to a poor widow
and purchase the elegant mansion over
the way—to donate the office to Jabe,
and buy out the New York Ledger.

Gave the "devil" a \$20 gold piece for
Christmas, and promised him a round
hundred for New Year. Bought a \$5-
pair of nags and a sleigh cushioned
with velvet, and decorated with
gold and pearls. Ordered from the
South a driver and a footman, whose
faces shone like a glass bottle under a
direct sunray. Went over to the "Union"
and told Fred to send every poor family
in town a barrel of good flour and name-
less other articles to render them comfort-
able. Bought all the wood in the market,
and ordered it to be sent immediately to
the foremen in town a thousand dollars;
adopted fourteen orphan girls and orphan
boys; ran around and paid all debts,
(what printer on earth ever did that?) put
on our slippers (imagining we heard
music); did hear music—for somebody
came near being kicked out of bed—
Alas! we had only been dreaming!

A Word to Boys.—Boys, did you
ever think of this great world with all
its wealth and power, with all its mines
and mountains, its oceans, seas, and riv-
ers, with all its shipping, its steamboats,
railroads, and magnetic telegraphs, with
all its millions of men, and all the science
and progress of ages, will soon be given
over to the hands of the boys of the
present age—boys like you, assembled
in school-rooms, or playing without them,
on both sides of the Atlantic? Believe
it, and look abroad upon your inheri-
tance, and get ready to enter upon its
possession. The kings, presidents, gov-
ernors, statesmen, philosophers, minis-
ters, teachers, men of the future, all are
boys, whose feet like yours cannot reach
the floor, when seated on the benches
upon which they are learning to master the
monosyllables of their respective language.

The following anecdote ought not to
be lost on many ingenious doctors,
who are perpetually bringing forward
modes of treatment for the "crisis."

A wealthy gentleman, who has a decided
will of his own and a somewhat irasci-
ble temper, was sick. His troubles were
a gouty foot and a disordered stomach.
Dr. Allopatis attended to the foot, and
Dr. Homoeopathy to the stomach. One
day Dr. A., after carefully bandaging the
painful, gouty foot, asked the gentleman
to let him see his tongue. "No," growl-
ed the irritated man, "Dr. H. attends to
that. You can take care of your own end."

Time, April 1st, Morning.—
"A beautiful day, Mr. Jenkins."
"Yes, very pleasant, indeed." "Good
day for the race?" "Race, what race?"
"The human race." "Oh, go along
with your stupid jokes; get up a good
one like the one which I sold day."
"Day, what day?" "The day we cele-
brate," said Jenkins, who went on his
way rejoicing.

FAT VS. AMBITION.—It would appear

that it is requisite for the body to be ac-
tive and springing as the mind; and if it
is not, it weighs the latter down to its
own gravity. Who ever heard of a fat
man being ambitious? Cesar was a
sore man; Bonaparte was thin as long
as he climbed the ladder; Nelson was a
shadow; the Duke of Wellington had
not sufficient fat in his whole composi-
tion to grease his own Wellington boots.
In short, I think my hypothesis to be
fairly borne out, that fat and ambition
are incompatible. Ambition seems to
depend upon delicate mucous tissues. Now
this is utterly impossible in a fat man,
for the blood is so much taken up in
forming adipose matter that it cannot af-
ford to do much for the biliary secre-
tion. Give a man half a dozen stones of
good stout, as a kind of cushion for his
bones, and he will jog along this life's
turnpike without troubling others or him-
self either much.

DANTE AND HIS WIFE.—In 1691 he
was married to Gemma del Donati, an
alliance which proved not only fruitful of
offspring, but of domestic trouble to the
poet, which was largely attributable to
the savage temper of his wife. After
long continued endurance on the part of
Dante, his wife one day asked him why
he had ever abandoned his peace as a
single man to incur the troubles of mar-
ried life. He replied that he had done so
because the Scriptures prescribed
passing through much tribulation as the
necessary pre-requisite of entering heav-
en, to which his wife, in her usual oppo-
sitive temper, answered that he should be ap-
pointed, if that was his object, and,
accordingly, from that hour she became
one of the mildest and most sweet-tem-
pered women imaginable.

EVERY YOUNG MAN should treat every
woman he meets as he would wish any
other man to treat his own innocent, con-
fiding sister. He should be able and
ready to marry at the age of twenty-five,
and ever thereafter look upon his own
wife as the best and most perfect woman
among all women upon the face of this
earth, and treat her as such.

Do this, young man, while your wife
endeavors to merit such devotion, and
the world will in vain look for such heroes
for scandal as the Sackles and Burghesses
and hundreds of others that might, but
do not, come to the public ear.

REAL PETS.—Best of all pets are little
children, real children—not the fashion-
able ones, who, as soon as they can walk
and talk, are transformed by artificial
processes into silly little dolls—poor
things! It is well to cherish a friendship
for God's mute creatures, to be kind and
gentle to the birds and beasts, and to
recognize them as created by Him, who
"made and loveth us;" but human souls
have the first claim upon our affections,
and sentimental women who lavish their
tenderness upon pet dogs and kittens,
yet shrink from contact with buoyant,
noisy childhood, are to be regarded with
suspicion.

THE STUDY OF THE SKY.—A large
part of the public are not aware of the
extensive discoveries in astronomical sci-
ence made during the past year—in-
cluding no less than four new asteroids
and four new comets. The asteroids
were all detected within a single week
in September—two at Paris, a third at
Berlin and the other at Washington.

The entire number of known asteroids
is now sixty-two, of which four were dis-
covered by American Astronomers. Of
the comets, the first was discovered in
Brazil, the second in Hamburg, the third
at Cambridge, and the fourth at Mar-
seilles. Not a year has passed since
1847 without the discovery of some new
planetary body.

A man says the first thing that
turned his attention to matrimony, was
the neat and skillful manner in which
a pretty girl handled a broom. He may
see the time when the manner in which
the broom is handled, will not

